

# The Elk County Advocate.

VOLUME I.

RIDGWAY, ELK CO. PA., FRIDAY, DEC. 25 1868.

NUMBER 5

## Select Story.

### The Little Peddler.

"Scotchman, Xpress, Mercury, fuses penny a hunder—this day's Scotchman, sir?" shouted a shrill-piped, ragged little fellow, at the end of a cold, wet, bitter day in October, as we stood at the door of the New Royal, in Prince Street, while stopping for a day or two in Edinburgh, a short time since.

"No, we don't want any," "Fuses, penny a hunder, sir; this day's paper, sir—half price, sir—only a bawbee," persisted the young countryman of Adam Smith.

"Get along—don't want any," growled my traveling companion, Phillips.

"They're good fuses, sir; penny a hunder." "Don't smoke."

"They're good fuses, sir; hunder and twenty for a penny, sir," coming round on my flank.

"No, don't want 'em, my boy."

The keen, blue face, with its red, bare feet lagged with dirt, and with its scanty rags, looked pitifully up at me, moved off a little, but still hovered round us. Now, when I put down my first subscription to the Ragged School in Westminster, I took a mental pledge from myself to encourage

vagrant children in the streets no more. Somehow, in this instance, that pledge wouldn't stand by me, but gave way.

"Give me a penny, young man."

"Yes, sir; they dinna sell."

"Ah, I haven't got a copper—nothing else than a shilling; so never mind, my boy, I'll buy from you to-morrow."

"Buy them the night, if you please. I'm very hungry, sir."

His little cold face, which had lightened up, now fell—far, from his bundle of papers I saw his sales had been few that day.

"I'll change for you, sir."

"Well, I'll try you. There is a shilling; now be a good boy, and bring me the change to-morrow morning to the hotel. Ask for Mr. Turner."

"As sure's the death, sir, I'll bring the change to-morrow," was the promise of the boy before he vanished with the shilling.

"Well, Turner," said Phillips, as we strolled along Prince street, "you don't expect to see your ragged friend again, do you?"

"I do."

"The boy will dishonor his I. O. U. as sure as—"

"Well, I won't grieve about the money; but I think I can trust the boy."

"Can? Why, you have trusted him."

"Well, we'll see."

"Yes, a good many remarkable things, but not young Brimston and your money."

Next morning we spent in seeing the lions. On our return to the inn, I inquired—

"Waiter, did a little boy call for me to-day?"

"Boy, sir—call, sir? No, sir."

"Of course he didn't," said Phillips. "Did you really expect to see our young Arab again?"

"Indeed, I did."

Later in the evening a small boy was introduced, who wanted to speak with me. He was a duodecimo edition of the small octavo of the previous day—a shrewd, shifty, shrunken, ragged, wretched, keen-witted Arab of the streets and closes of the city. He was so very small, and cold, and child-like though with the same shivering feet and frame, thin, blue-cold face, down which tears had worn their weary channel—that I saw at once the child was not my friend of the previous night. He stood for a few moments

diving and running into the recesses of his rags. At last he said—

"Are you the gentleman that bought fuses from Sandy, yesterday?"

"Yes, my little man."

"Well, here's seven pence (counting out divers copper coins.) Sandy canna come; he's no well; a cart run over him the day, and broken his legs, and lost his bonnet, and his fuses, and he's no well. He's no well, and the doc—tore says—says he's do—do—do—in, and—that a' he can gie you no."

And the poor child, commencing with sobs ended in a sore fit of crying.

I gave him food, for, though his cup of sorrow was full enough, his stomach was empty, as he looked wistfully at the display on the tea-table.

"Are you Sandy's brother?"

"Ay, sir."

And the floodgates of his heart again opened.

"Where do you live? Are your father and mother alive?"

"We bide in Blackfriars Wynd, in the Coogate. My mother's dead, no fathers awa', and we bide wi' our gudemither" sipping bitterly.

"Where did this accident happen?"

"Near the college, sir."

Calling a cab, we were speedily set down at Blackfriars Wynd. I had never penetrated the wretched places of these ancient cities by day, and here I entered one by night and almost alone. Preceded by my little guide, I entered a dark, wide winding stair, until, climbing many flights of stairs in total darkness, he opened a door, whence a light maintained a feeble, unequal struggle with the thick, close smelling heavy gloom. My courage nearly gave way as the spectacle of that room burst upon me. In an apartment, certainly spacious in extent, but scarcely made visible by one guttering candle stuck in a bottle were an overcrowded mass of wretched beings, sleeping on miserable beds spread out upon the floor, or squatted or reclining upon cold, untarnished boards.

Stepping over a prostrate quarreling drunkard, I found little Sandy on a bed of carpenter's shavings on the floor. He was still in his rags, and a torn scanty coverlet had been thrown over him. Poor lad! he was so changed. His sharp, pallid face was clammy and cold—heads of the sweat of agony standing on his brow—his bristled and mangled body lay motionless and still, except when sobs and moaning heaved his fluttering breast. A bloated woman, in mouldy drunkenness (the dead or banished father's second wife, and not his mother,) now and then bathed his lips with whisky and water, while she applied to her own a bottle of spirits to drown the grief she he couched and assumed. A doctor from the Royal Infirmary had called and left some medicine to soothe the poor lad's agony (for the case was hopeless, even though he had been taken at

first,) but his tipsy nurse had forgotten to administer it. I applied it, and had him placed upon a less miserable bed, of straw; and feeling a woman, an occupant of the room; to attend him during the night, I gave what directions I could, and left the degraded, squalid home.

Next morning I was again in Blackfriars Wynd. Its close, pestilential air, and towering, antique, dilapidated mansions (the abode of the parricide in far-off times,) now struck my senses. Above a doorway, was carved upon a stone—"Except ye Lord do build ye house, ye builders build in vain."

I said the room was spacious; it was almost noble in its proportions. The walls of paneled oak, sadly marred; a massive marble mantle piece of cunning carving, ruthlessly broken and disfigured; enameled tiles around the fire place, once representing some Bible story, now sorely despoiled and cracked; and the ceiling festooned with antique fruit and flowers, shared in the general vandal wreck.

With the exception of a broken chair, furniture there was none in the stifling den. Its occupants, said the surgeon, whom I found at the sufferer's bed, were chiefly of our cities' pests, and the poor lad's stepmother—who had taken him away from the Ragged School, that she might drink of his pitiful earnings—was as sunk in infamy as any there.

For the patient, medical skill was sought, for he was sinking fast. The soul looking from his light blue eye was slowly ebbing out, his pallid cheeks were sunk and thin, but consciousness returned, and his lamp was flickering up before it sunk forever. As I took his feeble hand, a flicker of recognition seemed to gleam across his face.

"I got the change, and was comin'—"

"My poor boy you were very honest. Have you any wish—anything, poor child, I can do for you? I promise."

"Rubbish! I'm sure I'm deen; wha will take care of o' you noo?"

Little Benben was instantly in a fit of crying, and himself prostrate on the bed.

"Oh, Sandy! Sandy! Sandy!" sobbed his little heart.

"I will see to your little brother."

"Thank you, sir! Dinna—dinna leave me. Ren—Ren—by, I'm comin'—comin'—"

"Whist! whist!" cried little Benben, looking up, and turning round to improve some silence in the room. That moment, the calm, faded smile, that seemed to have delighted as a momentary visitant upon his face, slowly passed away, the eye became blank and glazed, and his little life imperceptibly rippled out.

The honest boy lies in Cannogate churchyard, not far from the gravestone put up by Burns to the memory of Ferguson, his brother, poet, and I have sent little Benben to Dr. Guthrie's Ragged School, and receive excellent accounts of him and from him.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE.—The Fairfield Iowa, LEADER, contains a romance which we condense: Years ago a Pennsylvania farmer loved a charming young girl from his own village. Time passed on. Farmer occasionally got tight, or in other words, started a brick yard in his hat. Wife objected; farmer became angry, strangled his wife with a butcher knife. Wife fell swooning to the floor. Farmer leaves precipitately for the West. Wife recovers. After five years, marries again. Husband dies in a year. She leaves for the West. Arrives at Fairfield. Stops at a boarding house; meets her former husband; years have passed; she does not recognize him, and he knows her not. He loves her, proposes. She accepts, they marry. Not twenty-four hours after the ceremony wife disappears; an ugly scar is visible; husband sees this scar—is utterly amazed. Truth dawns upon them—it is the long lost husband, once an assassin, now a sober, wealthy merchant of Fairfield. Everything is lovely, and "all's well that ends well."

ON REGIONS.—During last month there was a large reduction in the amount of refined shipped from the oil region, it having been 23,290 barrels, against 34,795 during the previous month. The falling off was occasioned mainly by several of the refineries being stopped on account of cold weather and by a large falling off in the demand for home consumption from the cities in the interior of New York and Pennsylvania. About 10,000 barrels were shipped to New York city.

A D-W or two since a new well was struck on the Blood Farm, and is now producing at the rate of about thirty and forty barrels per day. It is owned by Messrs. Whitman and Kerr. On the Woods Farm a well owned by Messrs. Fox and Wilson, which was struck a few days ago, was operated on with a torpedo, and is now producing about twenty-five barrels per day.

WHERE THE SECRET LIES.—If there is one habit more detestable than another, it is the habit of grumbling. We have known people who seemed to derive enjoyment from grumbling, fault-finding and harping upon fancied evils. The spirit which dwells upon fancied evils leads to fretting, until fretting becomes a habit; a habit which, while confining the fault finder in a disposition which views everything through a jaundiced vision, renders those who are intimately connected with them equally uncomfortable. Now, since there is no business or profession free from cares or annoyances, or at all times agreeable is it not perfectly plain that the sooner we make up our minds to sweeten our pursuits with content, the better and happier we will be?

We wonder at a man deliberately sitting down to count his crosses when he has a month to whistle, as if brooding over troubles, or grumbling at trifles, ever added peace to the home hearth, or money to the pocket. We firmly believe that it lies in our power, if we so will it, to beautify any and every calling, and to render it a source of pleasure, if not of pride. Let any one set himself or herself to work resolutely with this object in view, and our word for it, they will soon discover the secret of content.

The various branches of the Fenian Brotherhood have agreed to form a union. President O'Neill's message was finally disposed of Saturday, and Congress adjourned. Gen. O'Neill recommends the appointment of a commission to proceed to Great Britain and demand, in a respectful manner, the independence of Ireland, and Congress has approved of this.

## An Original Idea.

The following is the substance of a conversation between General Grant and a correspondent of a New York newspaper, as published by the press of the country:

"I think Providence must have had a hand in it, and prevented an earlier reconstruction of the South, for two reasons: First, to keep the tide of emigration and enterprise flowing into the vast and productive West; and secondly, to punish the Southern people, through their own agency, for their unseemly errors."

This idea we have never before seen advanced, but it is one that certainly carries with it great weight and force. There is no calculating the extent of the injury the Southern people have done themselves by their course of opposition to the terms of reconstruction proposed by Congress. During the war, very many men of energy and capital were called to visit the South, and were favorably impressed with its many advantages—its climate, soil, natural productions, immense water power, &c., and were disposed, as soon as peace was declared, to go South again, and assist, by their means and energy, in developing the great resources of the section. History will tell how these Northern men were met. Instead of being welcomed, they were spurned as impostors and stigmatized as emissaries of a hated government and reviled as "scallawags" and "carpet baggers." Ku Klux Klans were organized, whose special mission seems to be the murder or maltreatment of all born beneath Northern skies, and who do not acknowledge that the South did right in rebelling. The result has been that Northern capital has been forced West, and its effects seen in the rapid filling up of our late Western wilds. By their own acts the rebel democracy of the South have totally turned the current of influence and power away from their own doors into the hands of the great West, and thus more firmly established the supremacy of the ideas against which they have been battling.—Ex.

THE COST OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The Secretary of the Interior, after giving the above resume of the report of the Special Commissioners, adds the following on the cost of the road:

As the actual cost of this road is a matter of public interest, I deem it proper to present, in a condensed form, the estimate submitted, on the 14th inst., by Jesse L. Williams, esq. He states that the cost of the road as shown on the books of the railroad company is, of course, equivalent to the contract price per mile. The actual cost to the contractors forming an association, which embraces most of the larger stockholders of the company, is shown only by their private books, to which the Government Commissioners have no access. The calculations were, therefore, made from the most available data, and the estimated cost of the first 710 miles of the road was taken as the basis for computing that of the whole line. Should the road, as is expected by the company, form a junction with that of the California company near the northern extremity of Great Salt Lake, a little west of Monument Point, its length would be about 1,110 miles. The cost of locating, constructing and completely equipping it, and the telegraph line is \$38,824,821, an average per mile of \$34,977.32.

MANIFESTING A BETTER SPIRIT.—The southern press is evidently beginning to see that the people of that section have carried out the prescriptive dog-in-the-manger policy too long. There is neither money, peace of conscience nor satisfaction of any kind in it. It simply reacts and injures principally those who adopt it. The Norfolk Express says "we must be prepared to receive men from whatever quarter, wherever they may be."

possessing the essential qualities of honesty and industry." The Newbern (N. C.) Journal of Commerce thinks "the material redemption of the State is very greatly dependent upon the introduction of foreign labor." The Memphis Appeal is in favor of encouraging immigration and manufactures; and the appeal is of the opinion that "the era of proscription is passed," and favors the settlement and cultivation of the land as the best way of securing a share of the energy and activity that have made the great West.

The Talladega (Ala.) Reporter bases great hopes on the development of the mines of the State and the manufacturing facilities afforded by its mountain streams; while the Lynchburg Republican expresses the hope that we shall ere long extend the hand of cordial welcome to many worthy and substantial representatives of northern intelligence and civilization." Verily, these are promising signs.

We find the following explosive notice in an exchange. It appears that in Cleveland on Saturday evening of week before last the elegant residence of L. M. Hubby, President of the Cleveland Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad Company, was instantly destroyed by a terrible explosion of "Bierces Patent Gasoline" used to light the house.

The gas generator in the cellar leaked, and as gasoline is heavier than air, the cellar got full, and exploded when Mr. Hubby went with a light to see why the gas would not burn up stairs. He was fearfully burned, and his daughter, a young lady of 20, still more horribly burned, and his son and wife badly injured. The property is a total loss.

A CORRESPONDENT has had a conversation with Congressman Boutwell, who, in answer to inquiries, said that he should advocate the extension of more stringent measures of reconstruction in Virginia, Mississippi and Texas. He believed that specie payments could be hastened only by advancing prosperity, and not by legislation. As to the suffrage question, he was of opinion that Congress had the power to declare who may vote for Presidential electors, Senators and Congressmen, if not the power to regulate the entire suffrage question in the States.

## NEWS ITEMS.

One night some two two weeks since the post office at Poland Ohio, was broken open and \$25 worth of stamps was carried off.

A man was recently found in the woods near Ansonville, Clearfield county, with his head severed from his body.

A wedding recently took place in Crawford Co., the bridegroom being a youth of seventy, and the bride a blushing maiden of fifty.

Mr. Frank McGonigle of Clarion county, was killed on the 28th ult. by the falling of a tree which he had been chopping.

The editor of the Beaver Local is thankful that he was out of jail last Thanksgiving. With very good reason.

Mr. John Crawford, a young artist of Warren, Ohio, has painted a portrait of the late Gov. Tod, which has been placed in the State library at Columbus.

A few days ago a brakeman on the A. & G. W. Ry. named Frank Clover, was instantly killed by his head coming in contact with a bridge. His head was smashed to jelly.

Walter Brown the "rowist" completed his task of rowing from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati in eight days, on the 9th inst., having several hours to spare.

A passenger train ran into a freight train on the A. & G. W. Ry. on the 3d inst., and killed a brakeman named Barney Patton, and a passenger unknown.

Col. McKenty, the "all the oil and no royalty" man, who flourished in the oil regions a year or two since, is now in San Francisco doing a land office business.

Mr. Wm. Nechlin, formerly of Westmoreland county, while on his way west a few days since, was robbed of \$1,350 in the Union Depot at Pittsburg.

Col. J. J. Lawrence, late superintendent of the Erie and Pittsburgh road, has been appointed superintendent of the middle division, Pennsylvania Central Railroad.

The Monnt Nebo Coal bank, owned by the Mahoning Furnace Company of Lowell, has a "character" in the shape of an old mule called "Billy," who has done duty in hauling coal out of the bank for twenty-four years.

A few days since an officer of Westmoreland Co. arrested a horse thief in Blairsville, and was about to take him to Greensburg for trial, when he was set upon by a party of roughs, severely beaten, and his prisoner taken from him.

Mr. J. W. Gillis, an old resident of Jefferson, Ashabula county, Ohio started out to hunt deer a few days since, and was soon after found dead in the field.—It is supposed that he died in a fit, the result of over exposure.

The boiler in the saw mill of Mr. David Frampton, near Sharon, Pa. exploded on the 5th inst. The explosion occurred at noon, when most of the employees were gone to dinner. Three were near the boiler, however, besides two teamsters waiting for lumber. The teamsters and one employee were killed, and the other two wounded.

On two or three occasions during the past few weeks some scoundrels unknown have placed obstructions on the track of the Indiana Branch between Indiana and Blairsville. Fortunately, no accident has resulted. The obstructions having been discovered and removed before the passage of any trains.

A lady of Akron, Ohio, while standing with her back to the grate, a few days since, suddenly became aware that her dress had caught fire. A prompt application of pump water extinguished the flames, but the lady probably owed her life to a woolen undershirt; a fact which all of our ladies would do well to profit by.

An attempt at highway robbery was made on the person of Mr. Ranson White, of Indiana Co., a few weeks since. Mr. White had a considerable sum of money on his person, and while passing through a railroad cut near Blairsville, was accosted by the robber, who drew a knife and demanded the funds.—Mr. White then drew a knife and cutting his antagonist severely, escaped.

On the 8th inst., a boy named Alex. McMichael was fatally injured at the Milesville coal bank, Washington county. He had driven his first wedge, into the coal as he was stooping over to set down his sledge, when a large mass of slate fell on him, driving the handle of the sledge through his left breast. He suffered until the 30th inst., when he died.

A man named Pennimore, of Washington county, got into a quarrel with his step-son, when the boy said he would leave home, and went up stairs to get his clothes. On coming down he was met by his step-father, who struck at him twice with an axe, when the boy drew a revolver, and shot Pennimore twice, from the effects of which he died soon after. Before he died he requested that the boy should not be arrested.

The North Carolina House of Representatives, on the 30th ult., discussed a resolution petitioning Congress to remove the disabilities from all citizens of the State. The debate evinced an improved state of feeling on the part of the majority. In the Senate resolutions were adopted to investigate the rumors of bribery and blackmail against a number of members and others. Mr. Sweet, a Republican Senator, said he could prove that bribery had been resorted to to accomplish the passage of certain schemes.

## DOMESTIC RECIPES.

CHEAP AND VALUABLE PAINT.—Having personally tested paints, made in accordance with the following directions, we can honestly recommend it for inside work: Take 2 quarts of skimmed milk, 61 of fresh slacked lime. A oz. linseed oil, and 3 lb. of common whiting. Put the lime in a stone ware vessel; mix with milk till as thick as good cream; add the oil, and mix thoroughly; then add the remainder of the milk, and finally the whiting; stir frequently while using.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVE.—There is a delightful prospect ahead for the lovers of the strawberry. A gentleman of Newark announces that with twenty years cultivation he can raise strawberries as large as pineapples, which will retain all the delicacy of the fruit now grown. If this wonderful cultivation goes on successfully, how pleasant it will be to say to a friend who drops in to tea on a June evening, "will you take a slice of strawberry?"

BAKED HAM.—Most persons boil ham.—It is much better baked, if baked right.—Soak it for an hour in clean water, and wipe it dry; next spread it over with thin batter, and then put it in a deep dish with sticks under it, to keep it out of the gravy.—When it is fully done, take off the skin and battered crust upon the flesh side, and set it away to cool.

BEEF STEAK SWAMPED WITH OYSTERS.—Cut six oysters very fine; put them in a sauce-pan with two cups of hot water, about two ounces of good butter, some pepper and salt; dredge in a little flour. Let it stew until the oysters are quite soft; then have steak broiled, put into the sauce-pan with the oysters; let it simmer about ten minutes, and send to the table very hot.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Make a batter like muffins, only hardly so thick, and stir the oysters in it, and fry as usual. For a small family one egg sauce with milk and flour, add salt and pepper of course, and a friend of mine adds a little soda. This is cheap and good, and will not destroy the stomach with its richness.

APPLE FLOAT.—To quart of apples, partially stewed and well mashed, put the whites of three eggs well beaten, and four heaping tablespoonsful of loaf sugar; beat them together for fifteen minutes, and eat with rich milk and nutmeg.

DUEL NEAR CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA.—A bloodless duel was fought near the city of Chester, on the line of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, a few days ago. The principals were two young men, with wounded dignity and enraged passions; one a Philadelphian, the other a Princeton, N. J., sport. The trouble which led them to engage in the outlaws, was about a beautiful, young, and dashing brunette, worth in her own name close on to a quarter of a million, with a papa equally rich and quite indulgent. They both watched her, and concluded to die for her. Friends were consulted, and murderous letters exchanged. A challenge was the result, and it was agreed to fight it out. Pistols were chosen as the weapons. Seconds were selected, the spot was picked out and the time agreed upon. The principals and their backers were on hand at the appointed hour. The distance was marked off, the pistols were loaded and handed to the would-be duellists. The word was given and bang, bang went the pistols. Again and again they fired, but they were so nervous that neither of them received the fatal shot; not even a scratch. The matter was then adjusted.—The lovers hastened to the bosom of the pretty brunette. She had been apprised of their doings, and like a sensible young lady gave them both to understand that a much better and wiser man than either of them was to be her liege lord, and that she anticipated that by Christmas Day she would no longer be a Miss, but a Mrs. and a bride.—[Phila. Post.

HAIR-WASHES AS POISONS.—The LANCET says it is only right to refer to a source of possible disease which is peculiarly widespread just now, and against which the public should be cautioned. At the present time there is quite a rage for the use of hair "washes" or "restorers," which, while the charge of their being "dyes" is indignantly repudiated, yet in a short time "restore" the color of the hair. The active agent in these washes is, of course, lead. In the majority of cases, probably, a moderate use of such a lotion would be unattended with mischief; but it is worth remembering that palsy has been known to be produced by the long-continued use of cosmetics containing lead.—But of the thousands of persons who are now applying lead to their scalps, there will doubtless be some with an extreme susceptibility to the action of the poison, and these will certainly run no inconsiderable risk of finding the "restoration" of their hair attended by loss of power in their wrists.

Mrs. Agnes Owens, who represents that she is from New York and has friends at Smith's Ferry, attempted to commit suicide at the Union Depot hotel, in Pittsburg a few days since, by taking a dose of laudanum.—Medical assistance was called in, and she was rescued from death. She says that she failed to find her friends at Smith's Ferry, and being out of means and employment, had, in despair, determined to make way with herself.

A MILLITARY MARE.—Baron James de Rothschild, who died in Paris, Nov. 15, was the wealthiest and most influential banker in the world. He left a fortune estimated by the French papers at two milliards, that is 2,000,000,000 francs, or \$100,000,000.—Most of this is, of course, in stock, money and portable securities; but he had also splendid town and country houses, the latter a use to the Bois de Boulogne, and fifty-two other houses in Paris; palaces at Rome, Naples, Florence and Turin, and more, or less property in nearly every great city in Europe.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

James M. Billings, a New York millionaire, offers \$10,000 to a new Congregational church at Somerville, his summer residence.

Rev. Albert Barnes preached a sermon in Philadelphia, last Sunday, in commemoration of his having attained the age of 70. He preached Extempore.

Rev. D. D. Boynton, of Waukegan, Illinois, has received a legacy of \$100,000 from a deceased gentleman of Chicago. It was to have been the portion of a lady to whom Mr. Boynton was engaged to have been married, but who died not long since.

The Methodist ministers South complain of violent and murderous opposition to their labors. Some of them have already been enrolled in the army of martyrs for their heroic incursion of Christian morality.

In the south among the Quakers, marrying out of the denomination is a disciplinary offence, exposing the offender to suspension from the denomination till he repents. At the north and west the denomination allows the same liberty of choice in respect to a companion for life as to other denominations.

The journals of St. Petersburg publish telegraphic intelligence from Trebizond, that the Christian inhabitants are leaving that city in great numbers and settling in the Caucasus, notwithstanding the efforts of the Turkish authorities to retain them. One thousand one hundred Christians have left Trebizond during the last few days.

Bishop Cox has issued a late pastoral to the clergy and laity of the Western New York, in which he admonishes them in regard to Christmas to attend the churches with their children, and adverts to the warning of the House of Bishops against improper amusements, which he wishes should be carefully avoided.

A revival is in progress at the Union Methodist Episcopal church, near Blackbird, Delaware. It is said to be one of the greatest revivals that has taken place in the Synod circuit, without the least sign of abatement for upward of six weeks. Seventy conversions are reported, embracing some of the principal men of the neighborhood.

WHAT TILTON SAYS.—Theodore Tilton writes to Mrs. Stanton of the REVOLUTION, protesting against the wrong which the latter does to Anna Dickinson in criticising the style of "What Answer." The anecdote in the following paragraph of Tilton's letter is remarkably good:

"There are many precious public utterances on which one never thinks of rendering a verdict of mere literary criticism. Does anybody ever stop to ask whether or not the Declaration of Independence is in good English? Does anybody ever mourn over the Magna Charta because it is in bad Latin? When the Atlantic cable reports to the Tarnax, what John Bright has been saying, does it take that trouble merely because he says it well? Did not our whole nation recognise that Abraham Lincoln's homespun words at Gettysburg were greater than Edward Everett's gilded oration? Once when Father Taylor in preaching to his audience of seamen, found himself entangled suddenly in a thicket of accumulated clauses, he extricated himself by exclaiming: 'I have lost track of the nominative to my verb, but my brethren, one thing I know—I am bound for the kingdom of heaven.' That was oratory superior to rhetoric! It was getting the wine of eloquence by crushing the grapes of style."

LATE DISPATCHES FROM SPAIN are important, showing that a reactionary movement has taken place under the auspices of the young Republican party. The immediate causes of this movement are probably the action of the Junta, in requiring a man to be twenty-five years of age before he can present himself to vote, as well as the aspirations of the liberal party, who are undoubtedly endeavoring to establish a monarchy with himself at the head. Having just got rid of one monarch, it is not probable that the people of Spain are anxious to try another. The latest dispatches show that there has been some fighting in some parts of Spain, and everything indicates an early breaking out of hostilities.—The insurgents are represented as well organized, and possessed of plenty of funds, and as they comprise nearly all the young men of Spain, that they will ultimately succeed is almost beyond a doubt.

THE SHREDEST DIAMONDS of "diamond dust" has just transpired in Chicago. A gentleman and lady in elegant attire, accompanied by some of their friends, were seated at a star on his breast, and, after a few moments, the clerk that he accompanied them, telling him to show them everything they desired, and if they undertook to purchase anything he would arrest them. The display of goods continued for some time, several valuable pieces being quickly transferred to the pockets of the customers. Pretty soon another starred individual entered, and arrested the pair. Nothing has since been heard of them nor the diamonds. The four are confederates.

The Government already in bonds for that distance at par amounts to \$29,944,000, an average per mile of \$26,580. The Company's first mortgage bonds are estimated at 62 per cent., and would yield \$27,143,664. The fund realized by the Company from these two sources amounts to \$56,447,664, being an average per mile of \$51,034, exceeding by \$16,059.68 the actual cost of constructing and fully equipping the road, and yielding a profit of more than \$17,750,000.

SPAIN'S AMERICA is again full of trouble. In Columbia the President refuses to obey a decision of the Supreme Court, and gathers an army to resist it by force. Peru is threatened with a new revolution. In Chili the Supreme Court has been impeached by Senate, to the great delight of the Clerical party, while, on the other hand, the Liberal party are greatly excited against the Senate and have even insulted the Archbishop of Santiago.